

MISS IN HER TEENS:

LATELY PUBLISHED OR, THE

MEDLEY OF LOVERS.

A - C - O - M - E - D - Y,

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK ESQ.

AS PERFORMING AT THE

Theatre Royal Drury-lane;

AND AT THE

Royalty - Theatre,

Goodman's - Fields,

L O N D O N:

Printed for ALEXANDER CLEUGH, No. 23, Ratcliff-Highway;
and C. STALKER, Stationer's-Court, Ludgate-Street.

MDCCLXXXIX.

17473.26.7.4.6

LATELY PUBLISHED.

	S. D.
T HE Cacique of Ontario, a beautiful Indian Tale, Price - - - - -	1 0
The Frailties of Fashion, 2 vols. sewed, - - - - -	3 0
Phebe, or distressed Innocence, a novel, 2 vols. sewed - - - - -	3 0
Adventures of Christopher Curious - - - - -	1 6
The Wooden World Dissected - - - - -	0 6
Poems, by Phillis Wheatley, a Negro - - - - -	1 0
Tom Jones in his Married State - - - - -	2 0
Adventures of Capt. Robert Boyle, sewed - - - - -	1 0
Erskin's Gospel Sonnets, sewed - - - - -	1 6
Elisba Coles, on God's Sovereignty - - - - -	2 0
Vocal Enchantress, a new and elegant Song Book - - - - -	2 6
Royalty Songster, and Convivial Companion - - - - -	1 0
Trip to Margate - - - - -	1 6
The Use and Abuse of Freemasonry, by Capt. George Smith, sewed - - - - -	4 0
Lecture on Heads, Don Juan; or, the Libertine destroyed. the Catch Club: Harlequin Mungo. Hero and Leander. Gil Blas, Recruiting Sergeant. Price 6d each	

Printed for A. CLEUGH, Ratcliff-Highway, and sold by all the Bookfellers:

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

P R O L O G U E,

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long has Farce, neglecting Nature's laws,
Debas'd the stage, and wrong'd the comic cause;
To raise a laugh, has been her sole pretence,
Tho' dearly purchas'd at the price of sense.
This child of Folly gain'd increase with time:
Fit for the place, succeeded Pantomime;
Reviv'd her honors, join'd her motley band,
And song and low conceit o'er-ran the land.
More gen'rous views inform our author's breast;
From real life his characters are dress'd:
He seeks to trace the passions of mankind,
And, while he spares the person, paints the mind:
In pleasing contrast he attempts to shew,
The vap'ring bully, and the fribbling beau:
Cowards alike; that—full of martial airs,
And this—as tender as the silk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
Oft has the bard essay'd to please the town:
Your full applause outpaid his little art;
He boasts no merit, but a grateful heart.
Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently submit,
Ye sovereign judges of all works of wit!
To you the ore is brought, a lifeless mass;
You give the stamp, and then the coin may pass.
Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling offspring live,
Or with a frown should send this sickly thing
To sleep whole ages under dulness' wing;
To your known candour we will always trust—
You never were, nor can you be, unjust.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	Drury-lane.	Royalty Theatre.
<i>Captain Lovett</i>	— Mr. Havard	<i>M^r Griffith</i>
<i>Fribble</i>	— — Mr. Garrick.	Mr. W. Palmer.
<i>Flash</i>	— — — Mr. Palmer <i>Woodward</i>	Mr. Griffith <i>Palmer</i>
<i>Puff</i>	— — — Mr. Yates:	Mr. Follett,
<i>Jasper</i>	— — — Mr. Blakes.	<i>M^r Cooper</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Miss Biddy</i>	— Mrs. Green,	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Teg</i>	— — — Mrs. Clive,	Mrs. Waldron,

MISS IN HER TEENS:

OR, THE
MEDLEY OF LOVERS.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT and PUFF.

CAPTAIN.

THIS is the place we were directed to; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me?

Puff. And me too, Sir. You must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done. But pray, Sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessaries? Half a dozen shirts, and your regimentals, are my whole cargo.

Capt. I was wild to get away; and as soon as I obtained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age till I return'd to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature.

Puff. With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune—strong motives, I must confess.—And now, Sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care and abilities in this affair, I think I have a just right to be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. You shall have 'em. I was introduced to the family by the name of *Rhodophil* (for so my companion and I had settled it;) at the end of three weeks I was obliged to attend the call of honor in Flanders; but—My father lives in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries: You are not known to be my servant; so make what enquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff. I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all that pass;—but I've forgot the word, Sir—Miss Biddy—

Capt. Bellair—

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty and fifteen thousand pounds fortune—But Sir—

Capt. What do you say, Puff?

Puff. If your honor pleases to consider that I had a wife in town whom I left somewhat abruptly half-a-year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some enquiry after her first; to be sure, it would be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or—

Capt. Prithee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence: I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands. *(Exit Captain.)*

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows; they think of nobody's wants but their own. He does not consider that I am flesh and blood as well as himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surpris'd if I meet my lady walking the streets—But who have we here? Sure I should know that face.

Enter Jasper from a House.

Who's that? my old acquaintance Jasper?

Jas. What, Puff! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! *(Kisses him.)*—Well, and now Jasper, still easy and happy! *Toujours le meme?*—What intrigues now? What girls have you ruined, and what cuckolds made, since you and I used to beat up together, eh?

Jas. Faith, business has been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know: Not that I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times—But hark ye, Puff—

Puff. Not a word aloud, I am incognito.

Jas. Why, faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little dishabille too, as well as incognito. Whom do you honor with your service now? Are you from the wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke will tarnish: A man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his cloaths the worse for wear, take my word for it:— But how is it with you, friend Jasper? What, you still serve, I see? You live at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have within these two months, entered into the service of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! But, prithee, what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure you.

Puff. Oh the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles and plays with her till his mouth waters; then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his Bid and his Bidsy, and is so foolishly fond —

Puff. Bidsy! what's that?

Jas. Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! What, Miss Biddy Bellair?

Jas. The same.

Puff. I have no luck, to be sure. [*Aside*]—Oh, I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune I know. But are things settled? is the marriage fix'd.

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him; but her aunt, a very good prudent old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's: How it will end, I can't tell—but I'm hot upon't myself.

Puff. The devil! not marriage I hope?

Jas. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of honor, I assure you. She has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and list'd for a soldier; so, towards the end of the campaign, she hopes to have a certificate he's knocked o' th' head: If not, I suppose, we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well, speed the plough—But hark ye, consummate without the certificate if you can—keep your neck out of the collar—do—I have worn it these two years, and damnably gall'd I am —

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message, which I have just delivered to the young lady: So, dear Mr.

Puff, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears: If you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's, or the Tilt-yard—*Au revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper.*]—Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters: Jasper and I were always the beau monde exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss and shake hands—But now to my master with a headful of news, and a heartful of joy.

[*Going, starts.*]

It can't be! By heavens it is, that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter Tag.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance: He either has not seen me, or won't know me. If I can keep my temper, I'll try him farther.

Puff. I sweat—I tremble—She comes upon me!

Tag. Pray, good sir, if I may be so bold—

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman; don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honor pleases to look this way—

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars. I suppose the last I gave to has sent this! But I have no more loose silver about me; so prithee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold no longer. Oh you villain, you! where have you been, scoundrel? Do you know me now, varlet?

[*Seizes him.*]

Puff. Here, watch, watch! Zounds, I shall have my pockets picked.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess every thing; or, by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear Tag! Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife. Now my stars have overpaid me for the fatigue and dangers of the field. I have wandered about like Ulysses in search of faithful Penelope; and the gods have brought me to this happy spot.

[*Embraces her.*]

Tag. The fellow's crackt for certain! Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me; and where you have been these six months, heh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter evenings—I shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated either by

honor or the devil, (I can't tell which) I set out for Flanders to gather laurels, and lay 'em at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily, I must confess; and often has my conscience stung me for it. — I am got into an officer's service; have been in several actions, gained some credit by my behaviour, and am now returned with my master to indulge the gentler passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk. What have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honor and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out!

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor! temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide world! —

Puff. Well, I have been in the world too, han't I? — What would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service! [*Cries*

Puff. Why, I'm in service too, your lord and master, an't I, you saucy jade you? — Come, where dost live? — Hereabout? — Hast got good vails? Dost go to market? — Come give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why, there I live; at that house.

[*Pointing to the house* Jasper came out of.]

Puff. What, there? that house.

Tag. Yes, there; that house.

Puff. Huzza! We're made for ever, you slut you; huzza! Every thing conspires this day to make me happy—Prepare for an inundation of joy. My master is in love with your Miss Biddy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fumbler, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be relieved, and the governor brought over: In plain English, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil.

Tag. Heyday! what's all this?

Puff. Say no more; the dice are thrown doublets for us: Away to your young mistress, while I run to my master. Tell her Rhodophil, Rhodophil will be with her immediately; then if her blood does not mount to face her like quicksilver in a weatherglass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole a lie, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the

family; but part of your story 'is true; and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it straight. But hold, Tag, I had forgot. Pray, how does Mr. Jasper do?

Tag. Mr. Jasper!—What do you mean? I—I—I—

Puff. What! out of countenance, child? O fie! speak plain, my dear—And the certificate; when comes that, heh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turn'd conjurer, or he could never have known it.

Puff. Are not you a jade?—are not you a Jezebel?—arn't you a—

Tag. O ho, temperance, or I walk off.

Puff. I know I am not finished yet; and so I am easy; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, madam.

Bid. (*within.*) Tag, Tag! where are you, Tag?

Tag. Coming, madam. My lady calls—away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? [*Exit.*]

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it. [*Exit.*]

Enter Biddy and Tag.

Bid. How unfortunate a poor girl am I! dare not tell my secret to any body; and if I don't, I am undone—Heigh-ho! (*Sighs.*)

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Bid. I did not sigh, not I— (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down; they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of your's that swells it, and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Bid. What would you have me tell you!— (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you; but you had as good speak, I may do you some service you little think of.

Bid. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want.— (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it. As, for example—if you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break—

Bid. His neck, Tag?

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Bid. I don't care which, indeed, so I was clear of him—I don't think I'm fit to be married.

Tag. To him, you mean—You have no objection to marriage, but the man; and I applaud you for it. But come, courage, Miss; never keep it in; out with it all.

Bid. If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer 'em; but I can't tell you anything of myself; I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well, then—in the first place, pray tell me, Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebuddy better than old Sir Simon Loveit?

Bid. Heigh-ho!

Tag. What's heigh-ho, Miss?

Bid. When I say heigh-ho, it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this somebody is a young handsome fellow!

Bid. Heigh-ho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the best of us?

Bid. Heigh-ho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, louse over head at once, and the pain will be over.

Bid. There—then—[*A long sigh.*] Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Bid. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Bid. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray let's hear that too.

Bid. Why, I thought if I should write to him, and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] And have you changed your mind, Miss?

Bid. No indeed, Tag; I love him the best of any of 'em,

Tag. Of any of 'em! Why have you any more?

Bid. Pray don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, Miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect—

Bid. I will trust you with every thing. When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; so, in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he return again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? Mighty simple, indeed! [*Aside*

Bid. One of 'em is a fine blust'ring man, and is call'd Captain *Flash*; he's always talking of fighting and wars; he thinks he's sure of me: but I shall baulk him: We shall see him this afternoon; for he press'd strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray ?

Bid. Quite another sort of a man. He speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr. Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribbons become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best milliner, where they sell the best tea, and which is the best wash for the face, and the best paste for the hands ; he is always playing with my fan, and shewing his teeth ; and whenever I speak, he pats me—so—and cries, The devil take me, Miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition—ha, ha, ha !

Tag. Oh, the pretty creature ! And what do you call him, pray ?

Bid. His name is *Fribble* ; you shall see him too ; for by mistake, I appointed 'em at the same time ; but you must help me out with 'em.

Tag. And suppose your favorite should come too ?

Bid. I should not care what become of the others.

Tag. What's his name ?

Bid. It begins with an R—h—o—

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it is not Rhodophil.

Bid. I'm frighten'd at you ! You're a witch, *Tag*.

Tag. I am so ; and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the world will be at our house this afternoon ; he arrived from the army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

Bid. Is he come, *Tag* ? Don't joke with me.

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspense, you must know, the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other, is my lord and master ; he has just been with me, told me of his master's arrival and impatience—

Bid. Oh, my dear, dear *Tag*, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter.—I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself.—Is he come, *Tag* ? I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on my pink and silver robings to-day.

Tag. I assure you, Miss, you look charmingly.

Bid. Do I indeed though ? I'll put a little patch under my left eye, and powder my hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Bid. Dinner ! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every joint of me.—I must run in and look at myself in the glass this moment.

Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too.

A C T II.

SCENE continues.

Enter Captain Loveit, Biddy, Tag, and Puff.

Capt. **T**O find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

Bid. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections—

Puff. I'll be bound for him, madam, and give you any security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our wish, Sir. I just now had a second conference with my old lady; and she was so convinced by my arguments, that she returned instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any writings at all; and she is determined never to thwart miss's inclinations, and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit.

Capt. Shall I undertake the old dragon?

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

Bid. I expect him every moment; therefore I'll tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man shall be locked up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. Do what you please with me.

Bid. You must not be impatient tho'.

Capt. I can undergo any thing with such a reward in view. One kiss and I'll be quite resigned—And now shew me the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Tag. Come, firrah, when I have got you under lock and key, I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding-cloaths ready, my dove?—The certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, firrah—march—You may thank heaven I had patience to stay so long.

[*Exeunt Tag and Puff,*]

Re-enter Biddy.

Bid. I was very much alarmed for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had. I find I love Rhodophil vastly; for tho' my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of 'em now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my lit-

the head; but, egad, my heart's good, and a fig for dangers. Let me see—what shall I do with my two gallants? I must at least part with them decently. Suppose I set 'em together by the ears?—The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel, (as I believe they won't) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my service: And if they will fight, and one of 'em should be killed, the other will certainly be hanged or run away; and so I shall very handfomely get rid of both.—I am glad I have settled it so purely.

Enter Tag.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the door's double-locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Bid. That's pure; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em?

Tag. I have given the Captain one of your old gloves to mumble; but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison-pasty.

Bid. What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr. Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room. I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweetmeats.

Bid. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other; and as soon as you see him, run in to us, and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me—Here's one of 'em.

Enter Fribble.

Bid. Mr. Fribble, your servant—

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave—I hope I have not come upon you abruptly. I should have waited upon you sooner; but an accident happened that discomposed me so, that I was obliged to go home again to take drops.

Bid. Indeed you don't look well, Sir—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Bid. I have set my maid to watch my aunt that we mayn't be surpris'd by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, Miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Bid. I hate the sight of him. [*Aside.*—I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you. Pray, let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand. I shan't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good *creeter*—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair.—Hem!—But first, you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve. My servant made it this morning: The ingredients are innocent I assure you; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lilly-of-the-valley-water.

Bid. I thank you, Sir, but my lips are generally red; and when they an't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own sometimes, to pout 'em a little; but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable *maister*. Thus let me make an humble offering at thy shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart. [*Kneels and gives the pot.*]

Bid. Upon my word, that's very prettily expressed; you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house. (*Aside.*)

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied, that nothing but mere necessity could have forced me thus to appear muffled before you.

Bid. I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens you. [*Curtseys.*]

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed—Thus it was—Hem!—You must know, Miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackney-coach fellows.—As I was coming out of my lodgings,—says one of 'em to me, Would your honor have a coach?—No, man, said I, not now, (with all the civility imaginable.)—I'll carry you and your Doll too, said he, Miss Margery, for the same price—Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a-laughing. Then I turned round in a great passion—Curse me, says I, fellow, but I'll trounce thee—And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *posser*—thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and, striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torter*, that I fainted away: and while I was in this condition, the mob picked my pocket of my purse, my scissors, my Mosco smelling-bottle, and my huffwife.

Bid. I shall laugh in his face (*Aside*)—I am afraid you are in great pain. Pray sit down Mr. Fribble; but I hope your hand is in no danger. [*They sit*]

Frib. Not in the least, ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive—A milk poultrice, and a gentle sweat to-night, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident, will relieve me entirely.

Bid. But, pray, Mr. Fribble, do you make use of a huffwife?

Frib. I can't do without it, ma'am : There is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world ; and we meet three times a-week at each other's lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting ; and this, fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Bid. And who are your pretty set, pray ?

Frib. There's Phil. Whiffle, Jackey Wagtail, mylord Trip, Billy Dimple, Sir Dilbery Diddle, and your humble——

Bid. What a sweet collection of creatures !

Frib. Indeed and so we are, Miss—But a prodigious fracas disconcerted us some time ago at Billy Dimple's——three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, cursed us all, threw down the china, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop-bason, and scratched poor Phil. Whiffle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bid. Indeed, Mr. Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry ; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you, I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already. He, he, he !

Bid. Pray, Mr. Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who has been honored with your affections ?

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you ; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands ; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself : So that, tho' I'm a commoner, Mrs. Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality ; for she will have nothing to do but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Bid. What a happy creature she must be !

Frib. Do you really think so ? Then, pray, let me have a little *sérious* talk with you—Tho' my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions——

Bid. Ha, ha, ha !

Frib. Go, you wild thing. (*Pats her.*)—The devil take me but there is no talking to you—How can you use me in this barbarous manner ? if I had the constitution of an alderman, it would sink under my sufferings——*booman nater* can't support it.

Bid. Why, what would you do with me, Mr. Fribble ?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—Don't look

at me in that manner—Flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent.

Bid. But pray, Sir, where, are the verses you were to write upon me? I find if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turn'd my senses——Here they are, tho'——and I believe you'll like 'em.

Bid. There can be no doubt of it. (*Curtseys.*)

Frib. I protest, Miss, I don't like that curtsy—Look at me, and always rise in this manner. [*Shows her.*] But, my dear creeter, who put on your cap to-day? They have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old lady Crowfoot's neck. When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

Bid. Pray read the verses to me, Mr. Fribble.

Frib. I obey—Hem!——William Fribble, Esq; to Miss Biddy Bellair——greeting.

No ice so hard, so cold as I,
Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;
And now my heart dissolves away
In dreams by night and sighs by day. X
No brutal passion fires my breast,
Which loaths the object when possess'd;
But one of harmless, gentle kind,
Whose joys are center'd—in the mind:
Then take with me love's better-part,
His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

Bid. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—But I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as in singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give you 'em: *La—la*—I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however, the tune's nothing, the manner's all. No ice so hard, &c. [*Sings.*]

Enter Tag running.

Tag. Oh, madam, madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, madam!

Bid. Oh! for heaven's sake, Tag, hide Mr. Fribble, or we are ruin'd. Put him into the store-room, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs. Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, Sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death!

In dreams all night, in sighs & tears all day.
Rochester.

—Where's my cambrick handkerchief, and my salts?—
I shall certainly have my hyssericks! [*Runs in with Tag.*]

Bid. In, in, in—So now let the other come as soon as
he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they
would but come one after another.

Enter Flash singing.

Flash. Well, my blossom, here I am! What hopes for a
poor dog, eh? How! the maid here? then I've lost the
town, damme! not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll
spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Bid. Don't be asham'd, Mr. Flash: I have told Tag the
whole affair; and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain.—
[*Aside.*—Well, Mrs. Tag, you know, I suppose what's to
be done: This young lady and I have contracted ourselves;
and so, if you please to stand bride-maid, why we'll fix the
wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, Sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, Sir! Ay, Sir, the wedding-day,
Sir! What have you to say to that, Sir?

Bid. My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise;
you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, child, what then?

Bid. She'd be frighten'd out of her wits.

Flash. As me, Miss? frighten'd at me? *Tout au contraire,*
I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some
reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. (*Affectedly.*)

Tag. Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourself—But, pray, Sir,
what are your pretensions.

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best
mounted blade in the three kingdoms. If any man can pro-
duce a better title, let him take her; if not, the devil mince
me if I give up an atom of her.

Bid. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it.

Tag. Pray, Sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, madam; it is not my method of pro-
ceeding; here is my logic! (*Draws his sword.*) Sa, sa,—
my best argument is cart-over-arm, madam, Ha, ha!
(*launges*); and if he answers that, madam; though my small
guts, my breath, blood, and mistress, are all at his service—
Nothing more, madam.

Bid. This'll do, this'll do.

Tag. But, Sir, Sir, Sir!

Flash. But, madam, madam, madam! I profess blood,
madam: I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book
of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the

lectures of Prince Charles upon the Rhine and Bathiani upon the Po, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of a cannon ; I'm not to be frighten'd with squibs, madam, no, no

Bid. Pray, dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this time. Your passion is very fine to be sure ; and when my aunt and Tag are gone out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again

Flash When you'd have me come again, child ! And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha ? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt ; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when 'tis offer'd——Lookee, Miss, I'm a man of honor, glory is my aim, I have told you the road I am in ; and do you see here child, (*Shewing his sword*)—no tricks upon travellers

Bid But pray, Sir, hear me

Flash No, no, no, I know the world, madam : I am as well known at Covent-Garden as the dial, madam ; I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bama justice, or bilk a box-keeper, with any man in the liberties of Westminster : What do you think of me now, madam ?

Bid pray don't be so furious, Sir

Flash Come, come, come, few words are best, somebody's happier than somebody, and I am a poor silly fellow ; ha, ha——that's all——Look you, child, to be short, (for I am a man of reflection) I have but a bagatelle to say to you ; I am in love with you up to hell and desperation, may the sky crush me if I am not ! — But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy ! Prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash ; but the first time we meet—gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honor to cut a throat with him (*Going.*)

Bid (*Stopping him*) You may meet with him now if you please

Flash Now ! I may ?——Where is he ? I'll sacrifice the villain (*aloud*)

Tag Hush ! he's but in the next room

Flash Is he ? Ram me (*low*) into a mortar piece, but I'll have vengeance ; my blood boils to be at him——Don't be frighten'd, Miss !

Bid No, Sir, I never was better pleased, I assure you

Flash I shall soon do his business

Bid As soon as you please, take your own time

Tag I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately

Flash (*Stopping her*) Stay, stay a little; what a passion I am in!—Are you sure he is in the next room—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too—Besides, this family shan't be brought in to trouble upon my account.—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel. [*Going.*]

Bid. [*Stopping him.*] No, pray, Mr. Flash, let me see the battle, I shall be glad to see you fight for me; you shan't go, indeed. [*Holding him.*]

Tag. (*Holding him.*) Oh, pray, let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen *fit* yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out. (*Exit.*)

Bid. Do, flick him, stick him, Captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. Damn your love, I wish I was out of the house. [*Aside.*]

Bid. Here he is—Now speak some of your hard words, and run him through

Flash. Don't be in fits now

(*Aside to Biddy.*)

Bid. Never fear me

Enter Tag and Fribble.

Tag. (*to Fribble*) Take it on my word, Sir, he is a bully, and nothing else

Frib (*frightened*) I know you are my good friend; but perhaps you don't know his disposition

Tag. I am confident he is a coward

Frib D'ye think so, Mrs. Tag?

Tag. Oh, I'm sure of it

Frib. Is he? Nay, then I'm his man

Flash. I like his looks, but I'll not venture too far at first

Tag. Speak to him, Sir

Frib. I will—I understand, Sir—hem—that you—by Mrs. Tag here—Sir—who has inform'd me—hem—that you would be glad to speak with me—demme! (*Turns off*)

Flash. I can speak to you, Sir, or to anybody, Sir; or I can let it alone and hold my tongue, if I see occasion, Sir,—damme!

Bid. Well said, Mr Flash; be in a passion.

Tag. [*to Fribble*] Don't mind his looks, he changes colour already; to him, to him. [*Pushes him*]

Frib Don't hurry me, Mrs Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do—Sir,—*[to Flash]* if you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, Sir—why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—oons.

Flash Sir, you and I are of different opinions

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil—take that. *Turns off to Tag*

Tag. Well said, Sir, the day's your own

Bid. What's the matter, Mr Flash? is all your fury gone? do you give me up?

Frib I have done his business *[Struts about]*

Flash Give you up, madam! No madam; when I am determined in my resolutions, I am always calm; 'tis our way, madam; and now I shall proceed to business—Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private

Frib Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you—That lady has confess'd a passion for me; and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'art's blood shall purchase it. Damnation!

Tag Bravo! bravo!

Flash If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. *[Draws]*—Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant

Frib I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice

Tag No, you won't indeed, Sir: pray, bear up to him; if you would but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly

Frib Will he? *[Draws his Sword]* then I can no longer contain myself—Heil and the furies! Come on, thou savage brute

Tag Go on, Sir

[Here they stand in fighting postures, while Biddy and Tag push them forward]

Flash Come on

Bid Go on

Frib Come on, rascal

Tag Go on, Sir

Enter Captain Loveit and Puff.

Capt. What's the matter, gentlemen?

[They both keep their fencing posture.]

Flash. Don't part us, Sir.

Frib. No, pray Sir, don't part us, we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Bid. and *Tag*. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, Sir?

Frib Am I hurt, Sir?

Puff. Hurt, Sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, thro' the heart; and, let me see—hum—eight thro' the small guts! Come, Sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Come here, *Puff*. (*Whispers and looks at Flash*.)

Puff. 'Tis the very same, Sir.

Capt. (*to Flash*.) Pray, Sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have serv'd abroad.

Capt. Had not you the misfortune, Sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found amongst the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, Sir; the wind of a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. Pray, Sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I fold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean—We hunted him by scent to the water side; thence he took shipping for England, and taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attack'd the citadel: which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his honor into the ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. And now, Sir, how have you dared to shew your face in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandalized by your behaviour? I honor the name of soldier; and, as a party concerned, am bound not to see it disgraced. As you have forfeited your title to honor, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good Captain—

Capt. No words, Sir.

[*takes his sword*.]

Frib. He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kick'd him.

Capt. The next thing I command—Leave this house, change the colour of your cloaths and fierceness of your looks; appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art: If e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if you put on looks that belie the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[*Kicks him; he runs off*.]

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, Sir,

for this favor; but I must after, and cane him:

(Going, is stop'd by the Captain.)

Capt. One word with you too, Sir.

Frib. With me, Sir!

Capt. You need not tremble:——I shan't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, Sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefore be gone; and if I see you here again, your insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindness. Well, if ever I have any thing to do with intrigues again——Miss Biddy, your servant——Captain your servant——Mrs Tag, your's——Old soldier, your's.

Puff. Boh!——*(in Fribble's face as he is going out)*

Frib. O Lord! *(Exit.)*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, Sir?

Capt. Take it, Puff, as a small recompence for thy fidelity; thou canst better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honor had a patent to take such trifles from every petty gentleman that could spare 'em, I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

Capt. Well said, Puff.

Bid. I'm afraid the town will be ill-natur'd enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour; but I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excus'd diverting myself with pretenders.

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind;
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind:
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove;
Who fails in honor, will be false in love.

[Exeunt.]

E P I L O G U E.

Written by the Author of the Prologue.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come at my young Lady's bidding;
 To say, you all are welcome to her wedding.
 Th' exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
 Shew me the maid that would not do the same.
 For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
 Is doating *Sixty* coupled to *Sixteen*!
 When wintry age had almost caught the fair,
 Youth clad in sunshine snatch'd her from despair:
 Like a new *Semele* the virgin lay,
 And clasp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
 Thus may each maid, the toils almost intrapt in,
 Change *old Sir Simon* for the *brisk young Captain*.
 I love those men of arms, they know their trade:
 Let dastards sue, the sons of fire invade!
 They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
 Like pretty powder'd, patient Mr. *Fribble*:
 To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
 They storm the strongest fortrefs sword in hand!
 Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
 Shew'd poor Miss *Biddy* was in piteous taking.
 She's now quite well; for maids in that condition,
 Find the young lover is the best physician:
 And, without helps of art, or boast of knowledge,
 They cure more women, faith, than all the college!
 But to the point—I come with low petition,
 For faith poor *Bayes* is in a sad condition;
 * *The huge tall Hangman* stands to give the blow,
 And only waits your pleasures—ay or no.
 If you should—*Pit, Box and Gullery*, egad!
 Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad!
 But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
 And you pronounce the sentence—block to block;
 Down kneels the bard, and leaves you, when he's dead,
 The empty tribute of an author's head.

* *Alluding to Bayes's Prologue in the Rehearsal.*